

Phelim's Courtship.

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ONE moon-shiny night, about two in the morning,
I wander'd myself, alone in the dark,
Not a creature was with me but Flora, whose scorning
On my poor hidden heart made a visible mark.

Then list to my ditty,
So woeful and pretty,
Och thunder! if ever a fiction was true;
You'll be after declaring,
My case is past bearing,
So granting to me—though diverting to you.

My name, let me tell you, is Phelim O'Blarney,
Just come all the way from the town of Tralee,
My father was born by the Lake of Killarney,
Ay fifth on my shoul, many years before me:
Nor need you to wonder,
'Tis not the first blunder,

That Nature has made in a comical whim;
For Sense might have told her,
Dad n'er had been older,
If Phelim, his son, had been born before him.

I've got a fine house—Och if you ne'er saw its marrow
That only wants a little to make it complete,
So to it let's fly like a bow from an arrow,
'Twill prove a rare place for our ancestor's seat!
Then come my kind jewel,
No longer be crevel,

I long to enjoy the sweet galloping din;
Like gems in a casket,
We'll ride in the basket,
If the coach be set off ere we get to the inn.

By Patrick! you'll ne'er find me fibbing and swelling;
Bad luck to all braggers, I hate such a plan:
Your swaggering pupies may after be telling,
How long their descent before Adam's began,
Before the creation,
My famed generation,
Who lived in the world by themselves all alone,
Invented potatoes,
Whose worth now so great is,
We Irishmen call e'm roast beef without bone,

Then let us be jogging along to our mansion,
You shall walk by my side while I follow before;
My heart's so contracted by Cupid's expansion,
Though I've said all I can, yet I'll say somewhat more.
As hot burning cinder,
Turns clouts into tinder,
The flame of your coyness so frigidly glows,
That it has, my sweet creature,
From Phelim's good nature,
Extorted a secret that every one knows.

Arrah faith and the force of my passion so great is,
No mother's son dares to tell Phelim he lies.

When he solemnly swears to shesheen and potatoes;
He prefers a good feast on his Flora's bright eyes,
Both sleeping and waking,
Still trembling and quaking,
Nor noon, night or morning, from dreaming can keep
Och hony! but 'tis vexing,
And cursed perplexing,
So oft to be waken'd before one's a sleep!

Now come, my sweet angel be after-complying,
Believe me, I swear on the word of a man,
I'll try to adore thee until I am dying,
Ay faith and much longer than that if I can:
So sweet little devil,
No more be uncivil,
Och! prithee, my jewel, with Phelim agree,
But if after this tender,
You do not surrender,
Bad luck to my shoul, if I'll ever have thee!

A Love SONG.

WHEN first I caught the tender flame,
And saw the love-inspiring dame,
O'er Love I fondly prest,
And clasp'd with rapture to my breast—
But now, alas! since false you prove—
Oh! whether shall I fly from love:

The Muse I court, whose warbling throat,
And ever-pleasing plaintive note,
Could once with rapture fill my soul,
And ev'ry vicious thought controul;
But now to me no joys they prove,—
Oh! their is no retreat from Love.

Society's delightful charms,
Which ev'n the coldest bosom warms;
And Friendship too whose sacred pow'r
Can cheer the melancholy hour;
But when ev'n these no joys can prove,—
Oh! whether shall I fly from Love.

I fly to scenes of mirth and glee—
But there is no retreat from thee;
Here sportive Thalia's jocund throng,
Pass the mirthful hours along;
But these no solid joys can prove—
Oh! their is no retreat from Love.

Contentment still I hope to find;
In Virtue their is peace of mind;
Then hail! Religion, heav'n-born dame,
Inspire me with thy sacred flame;
In thee at length I'am sure to prove,
A safe retreat from slighted Love.